THE first silk was made 2600 B. C. by the wife of a

ried on in Sicily in the twelfth century, later spreading to

Italy, Spain and the South of France. It was not manu-

Chinese emperor. Aristotle, in 350 B. C., first mentions silk among the Greeks. The manufacture of silk was car-

THIS is the anniversary of the beginning of the building of the bastille in 1370 by Charles V, who erected it as a protection against the English. The prison became famous in French history and was finally destroyed by the people in 1789. The key was sent by Thomas Paine to George Washington.

When a Girl Marries

factured in England before 1604.

A Story of Early Wedded Life Jerry Insists on Finding Betty, But All Sorts of Clues

Fail to Put Him and Anne on the Trail. shadowry gloom of the canteen, | make the operator understand me.

By Ann Lisle. CHAPTER CXIII. (Copyright, 1819, King Features Syndi-cate, Incorporated.) 66TV/HERE'S Betty?" I echoed W -my voice taking on a note of fear from Terry

The canteen was ready to close for the night, and there were not half a dozen persons there-but if there had been a hundred. I'm sure Terry, the reserved, wouldn't have noticed them.

"Yes-where's Betty?" he repeated impatiently. "You saw her. Did she mention her plans?" "No not a thing. Who told you I'd seen her?" I asked cautiously. ready in my new-found loyalty to

protect Betty even from Terry. "I met Norreys at the club, and got It out of him that he dined you and Betty last night. Now she's slacker-Betty-doesn't chuck up her work except for good cause. I didn't like it-directly I heard she was back. I telephoned her place-nothing stirring-called Virginia Dalton-no information-nor pet from the Red Cross. It's a bit thick-and not like Betty.

"Oh Terry-there is something! felt it last night-her eyes, and the way she held her hand to her lips all the time. I said that a friendship was two-sided, and I'd like to help her the way she does Then she answered just this, Not tonight -soon perhaps, Anne?" Oh, Terry, what can we do?"
"I don't know;" replied Terry half inder his breath, "I don't know." Whereupon Carlotta Sturges, whom had entirely forgotten, stepped

nto the breach of fear lying ber

tween Terry and me. Carlotta Speaks Out. "It's Mrs. Bryce you are looking for?" she said calmly. "We'll be onher track in a jiffy. You see, she lives in one of my father's buildings and, of course, the operator at the switchboard will tell me all we care to know. I'll go phone at

On the word, Carlotta hurried off in the direction of the telephone noth at the rear of the long room noticed that she stopped on the way and spoke to the lieutenantand suddenly the center lights switched on again; brightening the

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

HE old woman and Puss Junior were now almost discouraged, for everybody had refused to help them get piggle over the stile. What to do next was a serious question. "I wish I had never found that crooked sixpence," cried the old woman, the tears coming to her eyes. "We might have bought something else. I never was so terribly fond of pigs, anyway," said Puss And just then who should come slong but a good-natured fat butcher. At least he looked good natured, until the old woman said:

> "Butcher, butcher, kill ox, Ox won't drink water."

Why should I kill the ox said he. "Just because he wen't drink water? Maybe ha isn't thirsty" "the suid his washit," said Puss well, there you are," laughed the

butcher, who suddenly seemed to regain his good humor. "I'd you not ever hear the old saying: can lead a horse to the trough, but you can't make him drink? But a horse isn't an ox," said the old woman, Fund besides the whole thing is different. I only want the ox to drink the water so that the water will quench the fire, and the fire burn the stick, and the stick beat the dog, and the dog hite the pic. so that I campet him over the mass exclaimed il

urtcher," this is a mixed up state of Affairs. I must be gethe." And he howed and walked away. "The same old story," sighed the id woman "Nobody wants to help. What are we going to do? "Keep up a brave heart! Who

said we were beaten?" said Pus-And Jost lien the butcher called "Here' us a strong piece of

rope. Why don't you the it around the pig's neck and pu'l him up of o the stile?" But instead the old woman saidsto the rope; Rope, rope, bang betcher,

Butcher won't kill out" But the rope would not and even If it had agreed to, it would not have been an easy undertal ag. for the butcher, on hearing these words, took to his heels and ran off. He wasn't going to be hung, ne'ther was he going to kill the ox, and the only way out was to run away. So he did and mighty fact at that

"Hs, ha!" laughed Puss Junior in spite of his disappointment [1] never knew a fat butcher could run

"Nor L" said the old woman; "nor that ropes and sticks and dors and oxen could be so disoblining. Why, one would think I was asking them to fend me money. I've a ways heard that was the hardest thing to get."

"We'd better keep trains," said Russ, "for we can't leave Tom Thumb on the attle all night to watch the pig. Perlinps this time We will be more lucky "

Well, just then a mit can corosic the Ald arked bim to graw the rape, heeguse the rope wouldn't hong the hutcher. But the rat replied "No. madam! Why should I make a his sman out of the rope. I will not" And off he ran to the barnclove by. And in the next story you she I hear what happened after that, Copyright, 1919, David Cory, (To Be Continued.)

which had been ready to Mose for the night when Terry burst into it. Then "Lootie," as we sometimes disrespectfully called our lieutenant, came over and beckoned me to

Take your time, Mrs. Harrisontake your time. I'll leave the place in your charge and you put out the lights, lock up an dsend me the keys by registered mail. That will be all right, as our unit doesn't come on again for three days. Miss Bruges tells me that you have a very important communication for one of the Red Cross workers and want to locate her at once. Hope

you get her. Goodenight." "Oh, thank you-thank you so much! Good-night," I said with more fervor than originality, and returned to Terry.

"We've got to find her!" he declared again, and added: "But there's no use taking the world in on it * * * Betty wouldn't like a foss. I'm glad Miss Sturges put your lieutenant on a false scent. But, it's unfortunate Miss Sturges has taken charge-

Before I could reply, a very sober Carlotta came out of the telephone booth and joined us again. "It's so silly-but I can't seem to

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. Which Would He Have :

Chosen? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and engaged to a young man. I love him, but his family do not seem to approve of his marrying me because we differ in religion, and there is another girl whom he has known for ten years, and he has told his mother he used to love her. Whenever I speak to him about this it seems to me he becomes down-hearted and likes to drop w. this girl does not live near Washington. Do you think, if she had lived in Washington, he would have become engaged to her instead of me? Is because he sees me more than he does her that he became engaged to me" A READER. I don't believe anyone could an-

swer four question satisfactorily-whether, all things being equal, the young man would have married the girl of his home town or you. Propinquity is certainly a valuable ally, and you have that on your side, and the young man asked you to marry him instead of the other girl. Why not accept the facts as they stand, make the best of them, and not torment yourself with morbid questioning?

As far as difference of religion is concerned, that would be settled by one's own conscience. Feuds over one's belief in God have always seemed to me a misinterpretation of His doctrine of divine love.

A Difference in Ages.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-nine and have been going about with a man twenty-one for eight months. Recently he asked me to marry him. Our friends say there is too much difference in our ages. Please help me to decide this matter, as I lowing. I shall never care for another person in the same way.

R. DE L This question has been discussed to many times in this clumn that seems almost superfluous to revive it. Contrary to the prospective opinion of one's family and friends. marriages where the wife is several years older than the husband are among the happiest on record. Of course, confemiality of tastes and interests plays a large part in the harminess of such unions and you with he safe in marrying the young man if you have more in common sihon just being in love -if you both corn a great deal for music, for intunes of if you are interested in sighters work or your church, or conciling of that sort. Candidly, I do not think the difference in your ages great enough to constitute a

Could Not Count on Him As a Friend. PEAR MISS PAIRFAX:

fixe been going about with a young on for the past two years. I love in dearly and am more than sure my we in returned. About six months to be began to study and then be for a white but I could still count on the as friend. I stid not bear from him after this and was very miscrable last week I received a letter stating that he whend to see me at a certain place. When I got there I was informed that he was ill. I wrote to this assing him to let me know how he was setting along but he has not was getting along, but he has not seen at I do not know whether he still all and I don't want to give hma the satisfaction of writing ANXIOUS.

It would seem to an impartial onnoker that the young man, enloss he were prevented by grave Hiness from Leeping the appointment, has not freated you very well. He was attentive to you for ino grais, then made the excuse that his studies "would prevent him from seeing you, but he hoped to leen you as a friend." This is the language, from time immortal, emplayed by men when they are trying to slip out of an affair gracefully I should try to forget him.

The Test of Affection.

Oliver, you do not love me any more

Husband-Why? Wife Perguse you always let me get up to light the fire now. Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more!" I Company; \$1.50 net.

Shall we go over to the building?" "You're very good," said Terry with a formal air that would have

dismissed anyone but Carlotta.

Terry In Silent. "I called a taxi," said Carlotta efficiently. "It will be here by the time we lock up. Take a cup of hot coffee, folks, while I shut up

And Carlotta set two cups of steaming coffee and a plate of sandwiches before us. For a second Terry stared after Carlotta, in puzzled fashion. Then he said quietly: "She's kind-by Joveshe's kind."

Whereupon he gulped down a sip or two of the hot drink. Afterward I realized that Carotta wrote a pay check and put it on, the bill file, afterwards I reacted to the fact that she didn't stop o pour herself a cup of coffee, but that she took a sandwich along and munched it in the cab.

"Where's your car?" I asked Tery once we were embarked in the taxi and swaying across to the quiet East Side of town where Betty's apartment is located. "I left it in front of the club. Thought I could run over faster," said Terry soberly. I accepted that as I accepted Car-

lotta's taking command of our

At the apartment house there was no news-no news at all. The doorman and telephone operator alike reiterated that Mrs. Bryce had called a taxi at about eight that morning and had driven away "What kind of a taxi?" asked

Carlotta. No one knew. Mrs. Bryce had ordered the car over her private "Call the superintendent," com-

manded Carlotta. Him she cross-examined also, and then finally she had him take us to Betty's apartment and unlock it with his duplicate keys. Silent and still lay the rooms, blinking at us in triumphant, secretive fashion. There was no sign

Terry was very silent-but I knew that a strange, unreasoning panic had him by the inroat. Then I had an inspiration. To Be Continued.

that Betty had been there just the

The Rhyming **Optimist**

By Aline Michaelis. THE CLIMBER.

F folks who work a weary while, who fume and fuss and fret, the climber skins the rest a mile; her job's no cinch. you bet. From 9 o'clock her day is planned and she can sleep no more, her mussuese hugky is on hand to make her figure o'er. And she is mighty strong of arm who pulls and pats and slaps; the climber s filled with vague alarm for fear she may collapse. Her French maid finally arrives; in haste she's costumed then, and from a breakfast brief she drives to Billion's bridge at ten. She has a luncheon date at one, another bridge at 2; at 5 o'clock she hastens on; the day is not half through. She figures at three purple teas upon her homeward way, and there she dons a frock cerise and quite decoilete. Although she's tired she cannot wait nor pause along the line, for seven there's a dinner date, the opera at 9. A little supper, small and gay, takes up an mout of so. so she must hasten from the lay and madly onward go. The climber at a ball is seen, to miss it she'd be sore. At I o'clock she 'oddies in and dances until 4. Frem there her steps are homeward turned and just at break of day she feels that she a rest has earned, she's glad to hit the hay.

HINTS FOR THE HOUEHOLD

For roiled matting, dissolve some usalic acid in water and apply with a scrubbing brush. Wash afterward with clean water.

To cool jellies or blanc mange in a short time, take a handful of salt and the same of soda; put it in a howl of water and stand the jelly mold in it.

For cleaning white kid shoes a lather made of pure white soap and milk is excellent. Brush off as much dirt as possible before scrubbing with the lather. Black cashmere aprons should be

washed in cold water with a little

scap, then rinsed in plain cold

water and hung in the air to dry. Warm water will turn them a rusty Tortiseshell harrombs become dull in time, but if rubbed with a little powdered rotten-stone and oil and polished with a chamois leather

ther appearance is greatly im-

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

"Ashton-Kirk, Criminologist," is the fourth book in a series of re-Wife (pleadingly) I'm afrain, markably interesting detective tales written by John T. McInat least not so much as you used three. The stories are centered around a wealthy young man who has made the study of crimes his hobby and occupation. It leads him into queer adventures and often Husband Nonsense, my dear! great dangers. Illustrated by Raiph L. Boyer. Penn Publishing

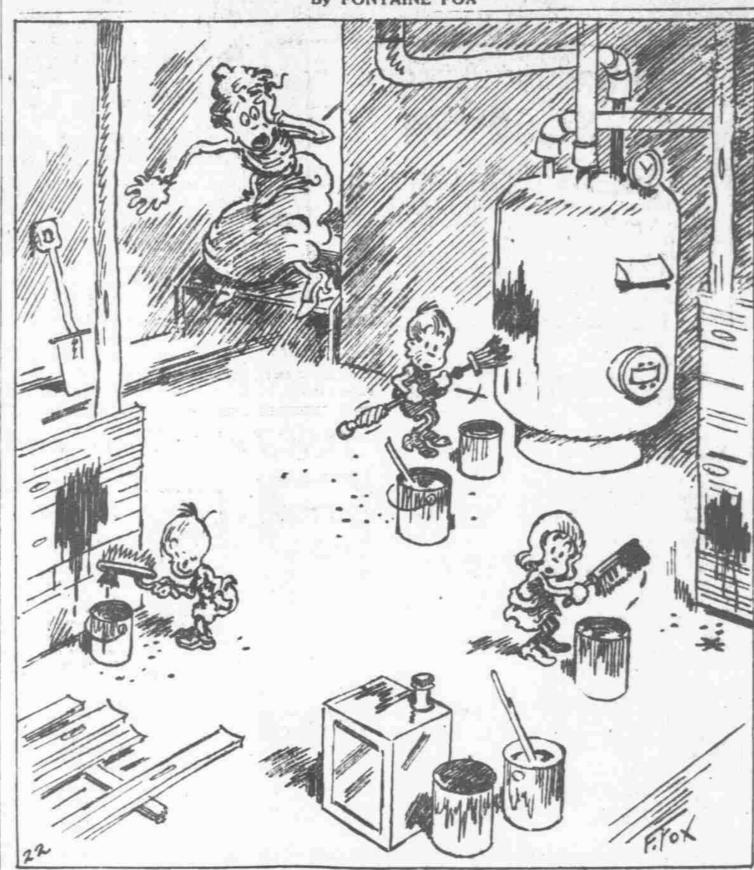
For Afternoon and Evening



beaded in white. The cape of brown georgette and sable, luxurious in line. Uncurled ostrich and sweeping maline make an attractive and practical hat.

Here is a frock of coral georgette heavily + Here is a graceful, elegant afternoon dress of soft gray georgette crepe and chenille in Chinese design. There is no break in the gray collar scheme.

The Mean Old House Painters Went Away and Didn't Leave Any Brushes By FONTAINE FOX



(Copyright, 1512, by the Wheeler Syndicat e.)

"The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Neeland Makes the Woman Spy Go Into Pantry, Undress and Throw Out the Hidden Papers

"Don't move again!" he cried. The floor boards creaked once more; and he turned like a flash to find her in her stocking feet, already halfway to where he stood. in either hand she held out a bundle of papers; and, as they faced each other, she took another step toward him. "Stand where you are," he warner her. "Throw those papers on

the floor "Do you hear!" '

Percod To Yield Papers. Looking him straight in the eyes she opened both hands; the papers tell at her feet, and with them dropped the two dagger-like steel pins which had held her hat. "Now, go and put on your shoes, he said contemptuously, picking up the papers and running over them.

When he had counted them, he came

back to where she was standing. "Where are the others?" "What others?" The remainder of the papers! You little devil, they're wrapped amount paus body! Go into that paustry! Go guick! Hadress and throw out every rag you wear!" She drew a deep, quivering reath, turned, entered the pantry

and chosed the dwar. Presently the door opened a little and her clothing in a hesp. There were papers in her stockings, papers stitched to her stays, basted inside her skirts. A rell of drawings traced on lines lay on the floor, still retaining the warmth of her body around which they had

he pulled the faded embroidered over from the old piano and nocked at the pantry door. "Put that on," he said, "and come

She emerged, swathed from ankle to chin, her flushed face shadowed by her fallen mass of dark hair. He turned his flash light on the cuppoard, but discovered nothing more. Then he picked up her hat, clothes, and shoes, laid them on the pantry shelf, and curtly bade her go back and dress. "May I have the lamp and that

looking glass?" "If you like," he said, preoc-

Tempted to Rankpoon. While she was dressing, he repacked the clive-wood box. She emerged presently, carrying the lamp, and he took it from her hurriedly, not knowing whether she might elect to throw it at his head. While she was putting on her jacket he stood watching her with perplexed and sombre gaze. "I think," he remarked, "that I'll take you with me and drop you at

the Orangeville jail on my way to town. Be kind enough to start toward the door." As she evinced no inclination to stir he passed one arm around her and lifted her along a few feet; and

she turned on him, struggling, her face convulsed with fury.
"Keep your insolent hands off me," she said. "Do you hear?" "Oh, yes, I hear." He nodded again toward the door. "Come," he repeated impatiently; "move on!" She hesitated; he picked up the

olive-wood box, extinguished the lamp, opened his flash, and motioned with his head, significantly. She walked ahead of him, face low-Outside he closed and locked the

door of the house. "This way," he said coldly. "If you refuse. I'll pick you up and carry you under my arm. I think by this time you realize I can do it, too." Halfway across the dark pasture she stopped short in her tracks. Have I got to carry you?" he de-

manded sharply. 'Don't have me locked up." "Why not?" "I'm not a-a thief." "Oh! Excuse me. What are you?"

"You know, Don't humiliate me." "Answer my question! What are rou if you're not a lady crook?" "I'm employed—as you are! Play the game fairly." She halted in the dark pasture, but he motioned her to go forward.

"If you don't keep on walking." he said, "I'll pick you up as would a pet cat and carry you. Now, then, once more, who are you working for? By whom are you employed, if you're not a plain

"The-Turkish Embassy."

"What!" "You knew it," she said in a low voice, walking through the darknes beside him. "What is your name?" he in-

sisted. "Dumont," "What else!" "Ilse Dumont"

"To take what you took."
"To steal these papers for the Turkish Embassy?" "To take them." "For the Turkish Ambassador!" he repeated incredulously.

"All right. Now, why did

"It's Alsation German."

break into that house?"

"No: for his military attache." "What are you, a spy?" "You knew it well enough. You are one, also. But you have treated me as though I were a thist. You'll be killed for it, I hope." "You think I'm a spy?" he asked,

"What else are you?" Are They Both Spice? "A spy?" he repeated. "Is that what you are? And you suppose me to be one, too? That's funny. That's extremely—" He checked

himself, looked around at her What are you about?" he demand ed. "What's that in your hand?" "A cigarotte." They had arrived at the read He got over the wall with the hox; she vaulted it lightly.

In the darkness he caught the low, steady throbbing of his engine, and presently distinguished the par standing where he had left in "Get in," he said briefly. "I am not a thief! Are you go ing to lay that charge against me?" "I don't know. Is it worse than

charging you with three separate "Are you going to take "Til see. Tou'll go as far Orangeville with me, anyhow."

"I don't care to go."
"I don't care whether you want to go or not. Get into the car!" She climbed to the seat beside the wheel; he tossed in the olivewood box, turned on his lamps, and took the wheel.

"May I have a metch for my ch rette?" she asked, meakly, He found one, scratched it; placed a very thick and long cignrette between her lips and he lightod it for her.

A Possiliar Signal. Just as he threw in the clutch and the car started, the girl blew a shower of sparks from the end of har digarette, rose in her seat, and flung the lighted algorette high into the air. Instantly it burst into a flare of crimson fire, hanging sloft as though it were a fire balloom, and lighting up road and creek and bushes and fields with a brilliant strontium glare. Then, far in the night, he heard

a motor horn screech three times. "You young devil!" he said, in-ereasing the speed. "I ought to have remembered that every make has its mate. " If you offer to touch me—if you move—if you as much as lift a finger, I'll throw you into the creek!"

The car was flying now, realing over the dirt road like a drunken thing. He hung grimly to the wheel, his strained gaze fixed on the shaft of light ahead, through which the road streamed like a torcent.

A great wind roared in his ears; his cap was gone. The car hurled itself forward through an endless tunnel of darkness lined with silver. Presently he began to slow down; the furious wind died away; the streaking darkness sped by less "Have you gone mad?" she eried

in his ear. "You'll kill us both!" "Wait," he shouted back; "I'll show you and your friends behind us what speed really is." The car was still slowing down as they passed over a wooden bridge where a narrow road, partly

washed out, turned to the left and ran along a hillside. Into this he steered. "Who is it chasing us?" he asked, curiously, still incredulous that any embassy whatever was involved in this amazing affair.

"Friends."

"More Turks" She did not reply. He sat still, listening for a few moments, then hastily started his car down the hill. "No," he said, "I'll show you what this car of mine really can do! Are

you afraid?" She said between her teeth: "I'd be a fool if I were not. All pray for is that you'll kill yourself,

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

ADVERTISEMENT One Woman to Another

By Virginia Turner We were getting ready for bed, and Helen was giving her hair a dutiful

"Do you know what I have a perfect horror of?" said Helen.

"Bears?" I replied, smiling. "Don't be silly. I'm in earnest." she reproved. "I have a perfect horror of not being personally fresh and wholesome. For instance, by the time it's 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I'm tired and perhaps overheated. I am so afraid there may be an odor of perspiration or something about

"Why, my dear," I said in amazement, "don't you use Amolin" "Amolin?" she questioned.

"Yes, it's an antiseptic deodorant. t destroys all kinds of odors. I use it the very first thing after coming from my bath, and sprinkle it in my clothes. fact, I wouldn't think of starting off in the morning without using Amolin. And I always keep a can of it at the office."

Amolin is the personal deodorant. healing and southing, and containing no taleum. It can be bought at all drug and department stores for 35c a can, or for 45c for a double size tin. Write the Amelia Company, Lodi, N. L. for a free sample.